

See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarm Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeite,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image; *Malcolme, Banquo,*
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Buinesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? I speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans care,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:

What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.

Deare Duff, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
But the Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stop't, the very Source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawler, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steept in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could reframe,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, ho.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rish, and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow

Vpon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:

And when we haue our naked Fraillties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet;
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs;
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet it in Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

Male. What will you doe?

Let's not consort with them:

To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office

Which the false man do's easie.

Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:

Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;

The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Male. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,

Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,

Is to auoid the ayne. Therefore to Horse,

And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,

But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,

Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue scene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,

Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Ad,

Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,

And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:

Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,

That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,

When liuing Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,

Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,

A Faulcon rowring in her pride of place,

Was by a Mowling Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncan's* Horses,

(A thing most strange, and certaine)

Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,

Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stails, flong out,

Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would

Make Warre with Mankind.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Rosse. They did so:

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Rosse. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,

Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes

Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them

Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauens vp

Thine owne liues meane: Then 'tis most like,

The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be inuested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu

Least our old Robes fit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare

Thou play'd'st most fowly for't: yet it was faide

It should not stand in thy Posterity,

But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father

Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,

As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,

Why by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my Oracles as well,

And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,

Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had bene forgotten,

It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,

And all thing vnbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper fir,

And Ile request your preface.

Banq. Let your Highnesse

Command vpon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice

(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)

In this dayes Councell: but wee'll take to morrow.

Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time

'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the Night,

For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland, not confessing

Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers

With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,

When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,

Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:

Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb. I with your Horses swift, and sure of foot:

And so I doe commend you to their backs.

Farewell. *Exit Banquo.*

Let euery man be master of his time,

Till seven at Night, to make societie

The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*

Sirha, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace

Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,

And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that

Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,

He hath a Widome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in safetie. There is none but he,

Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,

My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Antonies was by *Caesar*. He chid the Sisters,

When first they put the Name of King vpon me,

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,

They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrenched with an vnlineall Hand,

No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,

For *Banquo's* Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,

For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,

Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell

Given to the common Enemy of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings,

Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyft,

And champion me to th' utterance.

Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Seruant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,